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The Family.

The Robber Son.

In the north of England, not many
years ago, there lived a hard-working
farmer, whose heart was divided between
the world and an only son. Rising early,
and pushing with untiring industry the
labors of the field, he was steadily
amassing a handsome property. But he
labored not for himself. He was ever
willing to forego the ordinary comforts of
life, for the sake of laying up the money
which he thus saved, adding yearly to
the sum which he would leave behind him
when he came to die.

So stern was this farmer in his inter-
course with his fellow-men, so harsh in
his treatment of the laborers whom he
employed, so repulsive to the poor who
sought alms at his gate, that it was hard
to believe there was any tenderness in
his heart where affection could take root.
But his great weakness was fondness for
his boy. He doted on his son; thought
nothing too good to lavish on him; in-
dulged him in all the waywardness of a
childish temper, and suffered no one to
control his will. But when the severe
labors of the day were over, he seemed to
become a father, and with his son on his
knee, or sporting around him, he gave
way to the strong impulses of his un-
subdued heart. The future looked bright to
Mr. Wilson, only as it brought before him
the pleasures he should find in the soci-
ety and improvement of his son. John
was now his father's pride, and Mr. Wil-
son never cherished a thought that this
boy could be other than kind and
dutiful, fulfilling all his hopes, and yield-
ing a rich harvest of comfort to his father
in his old age.

John was a promising lad, active, intel-
ligent, and amiable. Had he been set to
work at the proper time, and required
always to obey; had his will been early
restrained by proper counsel, and suit-
able truths inculcated, perhaps he would
have shamed his father only by showing
how much better was the son than the
sire. But his father loved him too much
to make him work; and loved him so
much that he never saw his faults. While
Mr. Wilson was hard at work in the
field, John was left to amuse himself
as he pleased; and as it was LONELY to
play alone, he found company with idle
boys in the neighborhood, who readily
helped him to spend his time. When he
became old enough, the boys led him off,
fishing and bird-nesting, and in these ex-
cursions they, not very seldom, were
tempted to trespass on private grounds,
at the risk of arrest and punishment.
This was a sad school for an ungoverned
boy, but he learned his lessons rapidly,
and they made deep impressions on his
heart. He loved to stroll over the coun-
try in pursuit of amusement, and when no
incidents occurred to enliven the day, his
companions were not slow in devising
mischief, in which John heartily joined.
This mischief was not always of the most
harmless kind, and when once entered
upon, a train of deceit was laid to con-
ceal the authors.

But I will not trace the progress of
this youth in the road to ruin; nor stop
to notice the gradual influence of evil as-
sociations upon his susceptible mind. It
was with him as with other boys who are
suffered to go ungoverned, to spend their
days as they please, being supplied with
money freely, and encouraged, rather
than checked, in the pursuit of pleasure.

That he became a profane swearer was
almost a matter of course. That he was
reckless, dissipated, and impatient even
of the slight restraint that his father's
house imposed, was natural. He knew
that his father loved him, and that some-
times served to hold him back in his
prodigal career. He often wished that
he was away from home, and when he
hinted to his father that it would be bet-
ter to let him go to the city, and engage
in some kind of business, for the first
time in his life, his father denied his re-
quest, and told him that he could never
consent to have him go from home. Not
that Mr. Wilson had any fears of the
consequences. He knew that John was
inclined to some bad habits, but he said
he was only "sowing his wild oats," and
would be sober when he became a man.

When John found that he could not
leave home, he resolved that he would.
One of his boon companions rallied at him
for being governed by his "old father,"
and he soon made up his mind to seek his
fortune in the world. He left his father's
house in the night, and never entered it
again.

Mr. Wilson was inconsolable when he
found that he was childless; and child-
less not by the stroke of death; that might
have been borne. But when the son on
whom he had doted from infancy, around
whom all the affections of a strong heart
clustered, the only being in the universe
whom he loved, and the only hope that
smiled on the gloom of his dark soul—
when that son deserted him and became
a vagabond, Mr. Wilson found how

—"sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,
To have a thankless child."

He sought him, but he found him not.
He sent advertisements to the city pa-
pers, and offered strong inducements to
"a wandering child," to persuade him to
come back; or, if he would not return,
"his father would only ask to know where
he could be seen, and his wants would
be abundantly supplied." But no answer
came. Perhaps his son never saw his
appeals. Or perhaps he did, and laughed
at them.

In those long, anxious nights, which
followed the departure of this prodigal
son, Mr. Wilson was compelled to re-
view his mode of training up his child,
and his own good sense convinced him
that he had suffered his affection for John
to blind him to his faults, and that those
faults were the appropriate fruits of pa-
rental indulgence. He had never gov-
erned his son, and how could his son be
expected to govern himself? He had never
required his son to obey when he was
a child, and why should he be young
now that he had grown to be a young
man? These reflections were like dag-
gers in his heart; and bitter were the
tears with which his pillow was wet,
when he felt that his darling boy was
probably ruined, and that ruin caused by
his father's excessive love.

Months passed, and years wore away,
but John returned not. No tidings
reached his father's ear; hope failed, and
John was seldom or never mentioned.
Mr. Wilson was a stern man, and no one
wished his displeasure; and as all allu-
sion to the lost one evidently roused
strong emotions, John was never referred
to in his hearing.

Several years after his son's departure,
Mr. Wilson was returning one evening
from a distant market town, and having
been detained later than usual, the night
set in before he reached home. He had
occasion to pass through a piece of
woods; the darkness and silence of the
place, and the hour, were congenial to
the sadness that had now so long been on
his heart, and it was natural that he
should become wrapt in thoughts of his
loved and long-lost son. The memory
of his infancy and childhood came up,
and his sweet boy laughed by his side as
he trudged after the plough, or nestled in
his arms when the day's work was done.
But now he was returning to his solitary
home, and none that loved him would
greet him; and what would he give could
he once more meet his wayward but still
cherished John. Thoughts like these
were crowding on him; and the old man
wept like a child as he rode through the
woods. A robber rushed from the thick-
et, and seizing his horse, demanded his
money.

The stout farmer, under other circum-
stances, might have offered resistance,
but now he had no heart left, and as he
delivered his purse, he could not refrain
from disclosing the thought that rushed
upon him—"I hope my boy is not a rob-
ber."

The villain, who had already the purse
in his hand, tossed it back with intense
emotion, as he cried:

"FATHER! if you had governed me
when a boy, I should not have robbed

you when I am a man!"—and with these
words he plunged into the thicket and
was out of sight in an instant.

Mr. Wilson's cup of anguish was full.
He had met his son; he had heard his
voice, had been called "father," by his
own boy; but alas for him, his boy was
a highwayman, an outlaw, and, as his
last crime, had plundered his own father!
And more than this, his son had planted
another dagger in his heart that never
would be drawn. His long-lost son had
indeed come back, but only to tell the
care-worn father, that early indulgence,
prompted by parental love, had made his
son a robber! O! could he forget those
words? they rang in his ears as he pur-
sued his journey; they startled him as he
tried to sleep after he came home; they
followed him into the field by day, and
haunted his pillow by night; the weeks
were long, and the months dragged on,
and with sorrow the gray hairs of the old
man were soon brought down to his
grave. Parental indulgence ruined the
son, and filial ingratitude murdered the
father.

Shall I follow up this narrative with
any other appeal than the record makes?
In the recital I have not mentioned the
mother of this ruined boy—for the history
as I found it did not allude to her, and I
presume that she died in his infancy. This
may be one reason for the excessive
fondness which Mr. Wilson, in his life of
loneliness, felt for his only son. But
mothers are more apt to indulge their
children than fathers are, and therefore
the lesson of this thrilling fact should
come with force to their souls. It incul-
cates this great truth, that parental au-
thority must be established early, and
faithfully maintained so long as the child
is under the parental roof. AT ALL HAZ-
ARDS this point must be gained, and, once
gained, it should never be lost. Not that
I would inculcate a Roman austerity—
there are means by which the victory
over a child may be won, without teach-
ing it to regard a parent as a tyrant—but
I mean to say, the child must learn that
the will of the parent is *supreme law*. It
is a sad mistake of many, that children
will not love those who restrain and
thwart them. Children are reasonable
beings, and ought to be treated as such.
It is at the peril of his present and future
eternal happiness, that you allow
your child for once to have his own way,
in opposition to your expressed will. I
know it is not well to seek occasion for a
controversy, but when you have given a
command, every motive of hope and fear
urges you to insist on its implicit obedi-
ence.

Where one child has had his affections
alienated by severity, hundreds have
been spoiled for this and the world to
come by weak indulgence. All the
teachings of inspiration, all the counsels
of wisdom, all the lessons of experience
combine to inculcate this one great truth:
"Ungoverned children generally make
lawless men." "Had you governed me
when a boy," said John, "I should not
have robbed you when I am a man."

Rev. S. I. Prime.

A Thought on Female Culture.

I think a woman greatly misjudges her
own happiness in making it depend so
entirely upon the charms of her fortune,
and the gratification of her affections.
She is too much inclined to the belief
that she is a dependent creature. I would
not inculcate the absurd doctrine of phys-
ical independence; nor ground my ar-
guments on the supposition that woman
can render herself indifferent to exterior
circumstances. But the same good being
who has given to the minutest insect
some instrument of self-preservation,
sent not into the world the most beautiful
creature of his hands to be the sport of
circumstance, and the victim of feeling.

I am not intending at this time, nor in
this place, to give full expression to the
opinions that are gaining daily strength
in my mind, respecting the proper cul-
ture and discipline of the female charac-
ter. It seems to be a prevalent idea that
somewhat is wrong either in the educa-
tion or in the position of woman. Her
rights are discussed, her sphere disputed,
her very privileges seem to be subjects
of doubt and inquiry. One claims
for her a place in the halls of legislation,
in the pulpit, the lecture-room, and at
the polls. He would see her clad like
Joan of Arc, in the panoply of war—
with helmet on her head, and shield at her
heart. Another not less devoted to her
happiness, would make her like the Lares,
a household divinity, presiding at the
hearth-stone—the mother of children, the
tender nurse, the frugal house-wife, and
nothing more.

I think these contending advocates for

the sex are both at fault in making ex-
terior condition the source of female in-
fluence and happiness. If woman's mind
and heart are right, it is not of essential
importance whether their operations are
in private, and upon her household, or
whether they take a more open and
blustering sphere of duty. The most she
wants, is a character, not a power and in-
dependence which erects "liberty poles,"
and shouts "freedom" from the forum;
but the calm, still, holy consciousness of
mental and moral power; the elevation
and strength which is born of knowledge,
of thought, and of self-reliance.

The education which will fit a woman
to be the companion of man in intellect,
as well as in feeling, will not subtract in
the minutest degree from those qualities
which render her lovely in domestic life.
Indeed, can any woman be so valuable to
a husband, as one who is capable of shar-
ing the confidence of his mind, as well as
his heart? She is but half wedded, who
cannot enter into the intellectual sympa-
thies of her companion. It is only when
he feels that she is his wife; when he
thinks, he is alone.

And then, again, woman is not neces-
sarily born for marriage. She has the
birthright of an independent existence;
and to this birthright she owes reverence
as a holy gift. Her motto should be
"equal to either fortune"—and at all
times let her remember, that though it may
be expedient for her to marry, it is her
privilege to be single. I hope in another
place and at another time, to give a clear-
er and better expression to these opinions.
I wish to exhibit woman as she can be,
rather than as she is—a being of noble
capacities and powers, educated to be
useful, having individual resources, un-
failing self-reliance, and a knowledge of
happiness, not subject to exterior contin-
gencies.—Miss S. C. Edgerton.

Selections.

Popularity of Universalism.

The amount of organized Universalism
in Europe is this: at Liverpool there is
a society, which Universalists call flourish-
ing. But the minister of that society
does not regard the cause as quite so
flourishing. To a Universalist in New
York, in a letter bearing date March 30,
1836, he writes, "You cannot conceive
the need which we [Universalists] have
on this side of the Atlantic of being
cheered on. A few stragglers, amounting
in all to some hundreds, is the sum of our
numbers." In Scotland there are three
small congregations, numbering less than
one hundred souls each. But these are
Trinitarians, and make the doctrine of the
Trinity the test of fellowship. They do
not recognize the Universalists of this coun-
try as Christians.

In truth, there is no Universalism in
Europe, such as is thus called in America.
THE SYSTEM OF AMERICAN UNIVERSALISM
HAS NOT A SINGLE DEFENDER IN EUROPE.

No interest is felt upon the subject.
The Universalists in this country cannot
secure any respect or attention from the
believers in the salvation of all men in
Europe, when their real sentiments are
known. Prof. Tholuck, of Germany, was
at one time claimed by the Universalists
as one of their number. Mr. T. J. Saw-
yer, of New York, wrote to Prof. T.
upon the subject, and received a very
courteous reply. Emboldened by this
city, Mr. Sawyer wrote again. An
American divine was at the house of
the professor at this time, and made him
acquainted with the views of Mr. S. and
his associates. Prof. Tholuck was as-
tounded. He supposed the Universalists
differed from the evangelical community
only in the duration of future punishment.
But when he found Universalism to be
distinguished from infidelity only by a
professed belief in the Bible, denying all
its doctrines, and agreeing with infidelity
in all but one point, he declined all fur-
ther correspondence.

Some time after this, Mr. Sawyer pro-
posed a visit to Germany. He wrote to
a German divine in relation to the recep-
tion he would probably receive. He was
informed, in reply, that all the pulpits
in Germany would be closed against him.

Great joy was expressed, when it was
announced in this country that Mrs.
Sherwood, of England, had become a
Universalist. A box, containing a copy
of each of their principal publications, was
sent to this lady by some American Uni-
versalists, which, however, much to their
mortification, was returned unopened.

Mr. C. F. Lefevre, proposed a visit to
Europe. A Universalist paper thus an-
nounces his intentions:—

"We are permitted to state, for the
information of the friends of our cause
generally, that brother C. F. Lefevre,

pastor of the Third Universalist Society
in this city, has determined on devoting
some six or eight months to a tour in
Europe. A desire to visit once more his
connections there, together with the ear-
nest solicitations of a friend, who is
about visiting Europe, has primarily led
to this determination. Not the least ob-
ject, however, which brother Lefevre has
in view, is, to see and learn more of our
cause in that region. It is his design to
travel, preaching the kingdom, and pro-
claiming the unsearchable riches of
Christ, wherever it can conveniently be
effected. The Lord willing, he hopes to
be able to lift his voice in defence of
God's universal and efficient grace, in
London, in Paris, in St. Petersburg, and
if possible, in Rome."—(Unit. Union.)

Mr. Lefevre records his success in a
letter written after his return. He was
introduced to a Unitarian clergyman, who
invited him to preach in his pulpit. Mr.
Lefevre adds,—

"He officiated in a small chapel at
Newington, adjoining London; and I
accepted the invitation. The day was
very unfavorable, and the congregation
did not exceed thirty people; if it had
been very fair, I should have probably
had twenty more. This was the only time
I officiated during my residence in Europe;
it was the only opportunity that was afforded
me. The Unitarians in England are all
Universalists, but they know not that
name, nor any one that bears it. When
the Unitarian clergy from the United
States have visited England, their ser-
vices have been in much demand, for
they have been heard of by the reading
community; whereas the Universalists
are unknown. There were plenty of
inquiries about Channing, Dewey, &c.;
but Ballou, Balfour, &c., were names
unknown. There has been a correspon-
dence between American and English
Unitarians, which has served to unite
them; but the Universalists have had
none, by the same distinctive appellation
as themselves, with whom they could
have any intercourse. Again, I
discovered a lurking prejudice against
us, derived from American Unitarians.
Whitman's friendly 'Letters' are not
unknown, either in word or spirit. I
have made these remarks with no un-
friendly feelings toward the English Uni-
tarians; but it may serve to solve a
question which will arise in the minds of
your readers, how it happened that I was
so little engaged in my profession during
my abode in London.

"I inquired, from such sources as I
thought most likely to obtain information,
about Rely, Murray, and Winchester.
Of the two former, I never met any one
that had heard anything, while most
reading people were familiar with the
name of the latter. During the last week
of my residence in London, I received a
letter from Mr. Thom, of Liverpool,
who has been preaching Universalism to
his congregation. He sent me a very
pressing invitation to come and see him,
and preach the word; but I had made
such engagements that it was not con-
venient for me to comply with his request.
I very much regretted that circumstances
prevented the only chance afforded me
of meeting a brother in the faith, and thus
closed every avenue to my ministerial
labors."—(Unit. Union, November, 1836.)

Such is Universalism in the land of its
birth. The names of its founders have
perished, though they have not been dead
fifty years. American Universalism exists
in no part of Europe. The names of its
defenders are unknown. A popular
preacher settled over one of the most im-
portant Universalist societies in the me-
tropolis of America, goes to Europe,
"to lift up his voice in defence of God's
universal and efficient grace, in London,
in Paris, in St. Petersburg, and if possi-
ble, in Rome." He goes out as the
organ of the Universalist denomination,
being appointed by the General Conven-
tion of Universalists as a delegate to visit
the liberal churches in Europe, and open
the sacred scriptures to them. He preaches
once; that is all; and then by courtesy,
to a congregation of thirty persons; and
under the most favorable circumstances,
the number might have been swelled to
fifty!—M. Hale Smith.

Infidel Testimony.

An infidel, who in his younger days
had labored hard against the Christian re-
ligion, and by every possible exertion had
excluded the light from his mind, proba-
bly in order to free himself from the re-
straints imposed on him by religious
precepts, once said to the writer, "I con-
fess, sir, that I am unhappy in my pres-
ent situation; my mind is dark, and
there is certainly no enjoyment afforded
by the dismal doctrine I have long em-
braced and propagated; and could I now

believe and receive the Christian faith
into my benighted mind, O how gladly
would I do it! But, alas! I cannot now
believe!" Poor, wretched man! after
toiling incessantly for years to exclude
the light of truth, he at length discovers
himself to be lost in the folds of a horrid
labyrinth, locked in a dungeon of his own
construction! Beware, young man, how
you tamper with the deadly serpent.

Another infidel we have seen to arise
in a public congregation, and vent his
anguished feelings in language like the
following:—"Could I believe as you
believe, and solace myself with the
cheering expectation that when friends
part they shall meet again; that though
families be broken asunder by the ravages
of death, that though the strongest ties
of nature are severed, and all earthly
hopes laid low, still these separations and
calamities are not eternal, could I believe
that 'though a man die he shall live
again,' and hereafter bloom in eternal
youth, I confess the prospect would form
a perfect contrast with the prospects
which lie before me as an infidel."

Reader, contrast this "testimony"
with what you hear in the conference
room from the lips of the Christian.
Morning Star.

I Want.

BY JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

I want a warm and faithful friend
To cheer the adverse hour;
Who ne'er to flatter will descend,
Nor bend the knee to power.
A friend to chide me when I'm wrong,
My inmost soul to see;
And that my friendship prove as strong
For him, as his for me.

I want a kind and tender heart,
For other's wants to feel;
A soul secure from fortune's dart,
And bosom armed with steel.
To bear divine chastisement's rod,
And mingling in my plan
Submission to the will of God,
With charity to man.

I want a keen, observing eye;
An ever listening ear.
The truth through all enigmas to see;
And wisdom's voice to hear;
A tongue to speak at virtue's need,
In Heaven's sublimest strain;
And lips, the cause of man to plead
And never plead in vain.

I want the voice of honest praise
To follow me behind;
And to be thought in future days
The friend of human kind,
That after ages as they rise
Exulting may proclaim,
In choral union to the skies,
Their blessings on my name.

Reading with the Lips.

But the most touching anecdote com-
municated was relative to a blind girl,
who had received a copy of the gospel of
St. Mark, in raised type, provided by this
Society. This interesting person is ex-
tremely poor, and quite blind. She has
to support herself by her labor, which
consists of all kinds of work, and in ad-
dition to this she is obliged to cultivate a
little piece of ground from which she
procures a few vegetables. Her hands
and fingers are, of course, much more
callous than those of most blind persons.
When she heard that the society had
published a gospel for the blind, she was
very desirous of obtaining it. Her pas-
tor procured her a copy with an accom-
panying alphabet. She is very intelligent
and adroit, and notwithstanding the diffi-
culty in her fingers she began with eager-
ness to learn the characters. To the
surprise of her friend, within a few days
she could decipher alone a page of the
gospel, but this was far from satisfying
her ardent spirit.

She was discouraged
at the slowness of her progress. One
day she thought if she could but remove
the hard skin from her fingers the touch
would become more delicate. She took
a penknife and skinned the ends of her
fingers. What was not now her regret?
The pain became exquisite, and the touch
was not improved. On the contrary, a
swelling formed more obdurate than the
first, which rendered it impossible for the
poor girl to continue her attempt. After
many vain efforts, she fell into despair.
In one of these moments, she seized the
volume and with sobs and tears held it to
her mouth to embrace it for the last time,
saying, "Farewell! farewell! good words
of my heavenly Father! support of my
soul! I must part from thee!"

O, surprise! the lips, more delicate
than the fingers, have discovered the
form of the letters. She reflected. She
could no longer doubt. Her soul was
filled with joy and gratitude unspeak-
able. It was night. She went to bed
but not to sleep; the whole night she em-
ployed in passing and repassing the
pages across her lips, and every where
and every time she could not only distin-

guish the letters, but phrases and sen-
tences. She has since committed the
whole gospel to memory.—Letter from
Mrs. Wills, Paris.

Fearlessness of John Knox.

After repeated declarations of the full-
ness of his hope, and the joy of his tri-
umph, John Knox was gathered to his
fathers; and over his grave the Regent
Morton pronounced that noble eulogy,
"There lies he who never feared the face
of man."

It is one of the most remarkable evi-
dences of the excellence of Knox's char-
acter, that the gravest charge which even
hatred can bring against him is, that of
rudeness to a loathsome woman whom
some have chosen for their idol, seem-
ingly under the influence of that singularly
depraved taste which leads the heathen
to select the most monstrous and hideous
things to be their gods.

Some people have very odd notions of
cruelty. Peter Pindar represents a
French dandy as rebuking a wretch who
was writing on the wheel, because he
made an exceedingly unpleasant and im-
polite noise; and really there are some
"petits maitres" in our day who seem to
be equally fastidious about breaches of
etiquette. There are men who can read
of the intolerable sufferings of a nation,
under the wicked rule of a sovereign, and
even of the murder of hundreds of obscure
men, for the crime of worshipping God,
without the slightest emotion of horror,
and yet these exquisitely sensitive things
are thrown into a paroxysm of sympathy
when a free and fearless man has the
harshness and hardness to bring tears
into the eyes of a most beautiful queen,
by telling her the plain truth—without a
single redeeming grain of sugar to make
it palatable.

There was once a rough man preach-
ing in the wilderness of Judea, who called
dignified Pharisees "a generation of
vipers." Doubtless they thought him
very rude. Moreover, this same rough
man forced his way through crowds of
cringing things that disgraced the name
of Jew, into the presence of Herod and
his profligate mistress, and sharply de-
nounced their conduct as wicked and
scandalous. It is likely that the beauti-
ful Herodias wept on that occasion, and
that these same cringing and creeping
things united their little voices to vilify
the barbarian who could thus disregard
the passionate distress of royal beauty!
But John was not a reed to be shaken by
every breeze. He did his duty without
fear or favor; he loved men too much
to suffer sin upon them without rebuke.

Such a man was John Knox. We
should not go into the moral wilderness,
where the pioneers of truth are heaving
their way through time-hardened obsta-
cles, in search of men of soft manners,
and silken garments, and courteous
palaces. Such love to dwell in kings'
tongues. We may find them in plenty,
hanging about the skirts of power; watch-
ing each coming change, and trimming
their little barks to every breeze of
favor. But we must go to waste places
of history to find God's great men; those
whom he honors; those who only deserve
the name of great; men so nobly intelli-
gent, and so beautifully good, that the
mind can scarcely form an image of su-
perior excellence without soaring above
humanity; men whose residence on
earth may reconcile the most fastidious
spirit to humanity, and the prospect of
whose companionship in heaven may in-
nocently mingle with our brightest antici-
pations of felicity.—Methodist Quarterly.

Sabbath Schools, and the Public Worship of God.

It was Sabbath morning—cold, boister-
ous, and snowy. A Christian father who
lived about four miles from the house of
God, was quietly composing himself to
stay at home.

"Father," said his son, a lad some
eight summers old, "are you going to
meeting this morning?"

"No, child, it is too rough."

"O, father! what shall I do? If you
do not go I cannot get to Sunday School
to-day, and I shall be so sorry!"

The father sat thoughtfully a few mo-
ments. His child's earnestness roused
him. If my child would go, I ought to
go, too, he thought, and jumping up he
fixed his sleigh, and when the man of
God stood in the sacred desk, that family
sat cheerfully in their pew.

Reader! behold the influence of Sab-
bath Schools on public worship. If you
are a teacher, be in earnest to have your
school continued through the winter
months.—S. S. Messenger.

1

Poetry.

For the Christian Reflector.

Thoughts on the death of McCoey.

O weep ye heavens! and let this ruined earth
Mourn for her guilty sons. What fearful scene!
What horror drama from the pit of hell
Is acted on earth's shores! It is a sight
At which a fiend might stand aghast; yet man,
O God, exalted, reasoning, heaven-born man,
Unshaken, unmoved, looked calmly on the
scene,
Nay, with exulting eagerness beheld
Humanity disgraced, outraged and brutalized;
Beheld the image of the Deity
By rage inflamed, maddened, defaced,
And O! by human brother hands, transformed
Into a lifeless, bloody, shapeless clod.
We for earth's fallen race! If angels weep
At mortal sin, sure bitterest tears drop fell,
And horror ran through all the heavenly hosts.
What were ye made off, ye who madly gazed
On such a scene; and yet approving voices
Claim ye the name of human? Have ye souls
That feel, and think, and hope for immortality?
Did the kindly glow of human sympathy
E'er warm your breasts? or tender pity stir
Within your bosoms? Could ye joy to see
Infernal passion rage in human hearts,
And blow that passion into furious flames,
To urge its victim on to bloody death?
If Abel's blood once sent a cry to Heaven,
And called down vengeance on his brother's
head?

What fearful curses from the eternal One
Must fall on such vile murderers! What dark
cloud

Of wrath divine drags o'er this guilty world!
See, duellists, your boasted glory here!
See the dark passion of its veil disclosed,
Which ye call honor and would defy death,
And offer up at its unhallowed shrine,
The holiest of a brother's blood.
Your boasted honor is your black disgrace.
'Tis Heaven's abhorrence! 'Tis the crime that
hurts

The high angel from his throne of light
Down to the darkest shades of endless night.
It is the seed of woe, by Satan sown
In human hearts to poison human bliss;
To choke the growth of virtue, and seduce the
soul
To guilt, and misery, and endless death.
East Bethany, N. Y. E. T.

For the Christian Reflector.

Infant's Funeral Hymn.

Sleep, shrouded child! for sweet thy sleeping,
Shrouded in heavenly light with the dead;
Omniscient thou art, around thee are weeping
Loved ones who shall when thy gently weeping
Gently then sleep in the arms of thy mother,
Fondly resting with infancy's breath;
Soft to sleep in the arms of thy mother,
The grim, icy angel of the conqueror death.
Sickness and pain shall not wake thy reposing,
Sorrow and sighing have flown from thy breast;
Sweet was thy smile when thy eyelids were closing,
Laid on the bosom of Jesus to rest.
Death, sleeping babe! I cannot hold thee forever;
Christ shall unlock his embrace again;
Christ will descend every tomb to deliver,
And raise thee immortal to glory.
Amen, Amen. C. W. D.

For the Christian Reflector.

The Weary at Rest.

BY C. S. FERRIVAL.

MA. ETORE.—The following lines were written on
the death of Miss O. C. F. of Munnville, N. Y., who died Aug
25th, 1842. She was a devoted servant of Jesus, but for
several of the last years of her life was afflicted with
rheumatism.
She has gone to rest in the silent tomb,
And we cannot deplore her,
For her life was clouded o'er with gloom—
No ray of joy shone o'er her.
Her early youth was fair and bright,
And hope was her path adorning—
But her day was doomed to be shrouded in night,
Even in its lovely morning.
The beauty that decked her youthful form,
Her eye that shone in gladness,
And her heart with its feeling pure and warm,
Were frozen by the touch of madness!
But the faithful spell is broken at last,
That darkly had entwined her;
The soul released from earth has past
And left her sorrow behind her.
And the spirit that longed on earth to know
The pleasure that earth has given,
Now tastes of the bliss denied below,
At the sacred fount of Heaven.

Miscellaneous.

Merle D'Abigne.

We transfer to our columns, from a
communication in the New York Evangelist,
the following sketch of MERLE D'ABIGNE,
the author of the excellent
History of the Reformation in the XVIIth
Century, published by Mr. Robert Carter,
of New York.

Merle D'Abigne, now Dr. Merle,
was called by the Evangelical Society to the
Presidency of the New Theological
Seminary in Geneva, and also the office
of Professor of Ecclesiastical History.
President Merle is likely to be one of the
most distinguished Protestant ministers
and savans on the continent in our day.
His fame is already very extensive.
He has published a number of valuable
discourses on different important occasions.
But his great work is his History
of the XVIIth Century. Three volumes
of this great work have appeared, and at
least three more will be required to bring
it to a close. It was the original intention
of the author to complete it in four
volumes, but he soon found it to be im-
possible. Indeed, before he made this
discovery, M. Guizot, himself a great
author, and as competent as any man to
give advice, begged Dr. Merle not to
think of reducing his work to four vol-
umes, but rather extend it to eight—
so much interested was the great author
and statesman in the first volume, which
had then but just appeared. Dr. Merle's
history is, in fact, the only one on the
subject which has been prepared by a
really well qualified man. A native of
Geneva, and educated there, he finished
his theological studies at Berlin. Then
he went to Hamburg, and preached some
five years to the French church in that

city. Next he went to Brussels, and
preached some seven years in the Protes-
tant church in that city. In 1830 he
was called thence to Geneva, to under-
take the guidance of measures which were
set on foot for the establishment of a
theological school. That institution
went into operation the following year, and
Dr. Merle was placed at its head. This
post he has continued to fill ever since
with great credit to himself, and vast
usefulness to the cause of truth.

"Dr. Merle is about forty-eight years
of age—is a large and robust looking
man. Nevertheless his health is by no
means always good. He suffers much
from colds, which settle on his lungs.
Still, by his perseverance, he overcomes
all obstacles, and accomplishes a vast
amount of literary labor. In Latin,
Greek, and Hebrew, he is entirely at
home. Whilst he is well acquainted with
German, Dutch, English, and Italian,
French is his maternal tongue; and he
thinks he knows something of Danish and
Swedish—languages rich in history. It
will be seen from what I have just stated,
that Dr. M. is admirably prepared to
execute his task. Still more, he has
devoted many years to the reading of
authors which he needs to draw materials
from. He commenced this preparatory
course whilst he lived in Germany; he
continued it when he was in Belgium.
And when he sat down to write his History,
he went to work like a man who was
fully ready for the undertaking. At every
step he gives quotations from original
and indisputable authorities, and almost
all the translated words of those
authorities, so that his History is the most
complete specimen of literary mosaic
that I have ever seen. At every step he
accompanies the sketches drawn from the
original sources with remarks which are
at once distinguished for their philosophic
discrimination and true French wit. I
use the word in the sense which the
French give to their words *de esprit*. I
have never seen in any other books such
remarkable specimens of condensation of
thought, and especially of facts, as Dr.
Merle sometimes gives, as I could show
by a hundred quotations from his three
volumes.

"I will only add that this work has al-
ready been translated into English,
Dutch, and German. In English three
translations have appeared. The first is
anonymous, made, I believe, by the pub-
lisher, Walther, in London; the second
by Mr. Kelly, of Dublin; and the third
by David Oundas Scott, Esq., of Edin-
burgh, and published by the Blackies,
booksellers in Glasgow. I have looked
into all three of these translations, and
have read them considerably. They are
all good. One of them, the first named,
has been republished in New York by
Mr. Carter. Perhaps he would have
done a little better to have taken Kelley's,
but the difference is not very material.
I think Mr. Carter deserves the thanks of
our religious community for getting out
the book so promptly, so cheaply, and
withal in so handsome a manner. If he
has not stereotyped it, he might make
some improvements. At all events I
should like him to give some good por-
traits, which he can do even if he has
stereotyped the work."

The London Eclectic Review of June
contains a review of the third volume of
D'Abigne's History of the Reformation.
The three English translations are com-
pared, and the decided preference is
given to that of the first edition by Wal-
ther, which has been adopted by Mr.
Carter, the publisher of the work in this
country. It is highly approved by the
Review.

Trust in God.

We published, some time ago, a most
interesting extract from the early life of
Stilling, by Prof. Stowe, which gave a
striking illustration of the truth of the
promise contained in Matt. 6: 33. The
following similar illustration, at a later
period of his life, is taken from a short
extract translated by Mr. Samuel Shaffer,
and published in the Philadelphia Chris-
tian Observer:

In the Spring of 1766, Stilling was
obliged to remove his residence, as his
landlord wished to occupy the house
himself. His friend Frost sought another
for him and found one. It lay at the
lower end of the town, surrounded with
a number of pleasant gardens. The situa-
tion was like a paradise for beauty, and
very commodious. Stilling rented it,
and prepared to remove. But here a
severe trial again awaited him. Hitherto
he had annually paid a rent of seventy-
six dollars, but now he had nothing laid
up, and according to law he must pay it,
before his removal. His want, both of
credit and of money, made him feel re-
luctant to ask the indulgence of a land-
lord, but still he had no other resource.
Burdened with outward trouble, he
went to him on the unpleasant errand.
He was a rich and affable merchant—
but unusually strict and precise in his
subject, and desired him to give him a
short time to pay it in. The merchant
hesitated a moment, and then said, "Yes,
you may remove, but on this only con-
dition, that the rent shall be paid in four
instalments." With strong confidence in
God, he promised to pay the rent in the
course of that time, and so removed to
the house, the beauty of its situation, its
fine prospect of nature, its commodious-
ness, and in fine, all the circumstances
together, certainly contributed much to
lighten the burden of his sorrow; but the
cause itself was not yet removed, the
worm still lay gnawing at the root of his
comfort.

The end of fourteen days began now
to draw near, and yet no sign whatever
appeared of obtaining so large a sum of
money. Now the deep waters began
rapidly to flow around the soul of poor
Stilling. Often did he run to his cham-
ber, cast himself on his face and weep
and cry to God for help—and when
called away to visit his patients, his faith-
ful wife took his place, and prayed and
wept with such deep intense fervor, that
it seemed enough to melt the very stones
into pity—but still no prospect appeared
of obtaining the money. At last the
light of the dreaded Friday broke upon
them when the money must be paid.
Both prayed incessantly during the
morning, while in the midst of their or-
dinary labors—and in keen anguish of
spirit sent up without intermission, their
united sighs to God.

About ten o'clock the letter carrier
appeared at the door; in one hand he
held an account book, and in the other a
letter that appeared filled with some
heavy contents. Full of anxiety, Stilling
received the letter—it was in the hand-
writing of Goethe, and pressed full with
an hundred and fifty-six dollars. With
astonishment he broke open the letter,
and found that his friend Goethe had,
without his knowledge, published the
commencement of the history of his life
—"The Youth of Stilling,"—and this
was the reward. As quick as possible,
Stilling paid the postage, so as to dismiss
the carrier—when this godly pair fell
upon each other's necks, and with loud
weeping, praised God together, for this
special and timely answer to their
prayers.

Preaching with or without Notes.

BY REV. G. W. ELGREN.

It is sometimes asked, in what form
the minister of Christ can most success-
fully preach the truth to his fellow-men?
Shall he speak from written notes; or
from memory; or relying only on a pre-
viously arranged train of thought, shall
he trust to the effort of the moment for
words, and figures, as the signs of his
teeming thoughts? The more I think on
such inquiries, the more am I inclined to
conclude, that the true answer to them
is, let every one pursue that way of com-
municating and enforcing truth, which,
on a due consideration of his past habits,
and present circumstances, he finds best
suited to his own peculiarities of mind
and manner. It is, I am inclined to
think, wholly impracticable and undesir-
able, to make any general rule on such a
subject, which shall apply to all persons.
Here, as in things more directly pertain-
ing to Christian life and practice, there
are differences of gifts, while there is the
same spirit. Each one must try to him-
self. And, to do so, each one must cher-
ish and possess an absorbing love for
the truth, which shall urge him on to
tax, in the highest degree, whatever of
capacity he may possess. There are
some, who like Chalmers, writing in
thoughts that breathe and words that
burn, can pour forth their spirits in behalf
of Christ, better from the written page,
than in any other form. There are oth-
ers, who like Hall, with different gifts
and habits, cannot in this way, enforce
truth so happily. And all of each class,
will find it to be true, that the varying
circumstances in which they may be
placed, may render that form of speech
expedient at one time, which might not
be so at another.—Biblical Journal.

The Woodman's Daughter.

Being overtaken by a storm one sum-
mer's evening, I observed a feeble light
glimmering through the casement of a
cottage, toward which I bent my steps.
I knocked at the door and was welcomed
in; but immediately perceived that the
inhabitants were oppressed with grief.
"I fear," addressing myself to the
father, "that you are in trouble?"
"O, yes sir, our hearts are all burning;
for death is coming to bear off our little
Jemima—She is up stairs, sir, where
she has now been these eight days, and
her mother has not left her night or
day. She is one of the sweetest girls a
father ever loved."

"But death," I remarked, "does not
come by chance."
"O no sir," The Lord gave, and the
Lord hath taken away; blessed be the
name of the Lord; but it is hard
work to part."
"Walk up, sir," said the father, "and
see her before she dies; but she is so
changed."
I entered the room, and soon perceived
that death had cast his fatal shadow on
her countenance, which still retained its
beautiful form.—Addressing myself to
the child, I said, "do you think you shall
die?"
"Yes, sir."
"And if you die, where do you expect
to go?"
"To heaven."
"What makes you think you shall go
to heaven?"
"Jesus Christ has said, 'Suffer little
children, and forbid them not to come
unto me, for of such is the kingdom
of heaven.'"
"What do you understand by coming
to Jesus Christ?"
"Believing in him, and loving him."
"Did you always believe in him and
love him?"
"No sir; not till he inclined me; for,
if we love him, it is because he first
loved us."
"Then, you can leave father and
mother, and all, and go to heaven?"
"Yes sir; I have no wish to live on
earth, when I have the prospect of living
a nobler and happier life in glory."

The surgeon, who had been anxiously
expected for several hours, now arrived.
"Do you think," said the heart-struck
mother, "the child is dying?" The
question, though familiar to the humane
man, was not heard without an evident
expression of grief.

"While there is life," he replied,
"there is hope; but I would not advise
you to be too sanguine in your expecta-
tions."
We now walked down stairs; the sur-
geon left, but I could not leave. "Will
you, sir," said the father, "go to prayer
with us? If it were not for prayer, and
the hope which the gospel inspires, my
heart would break." With this request
I complied; and, while praying to the
God of all grace, that the little child
might be favored with the light of his
countenance in her passage through the
valley of the shadow of death, I heard
the mother's shriek, which convinced me
that she was gone. All wept aloud; the
children started up, wringing their hands,
and calling "Jemima, Jemima, don't
leave us!" and the mother, with a
softened melancholy of countenance, ap-
peared among us, saying with a faltering
tongue, "She exclaimed as I was raising
her on the pillow, 'I am going to glory!'
and fell back in my arms and died."

Slavery does not venerate Age.

We know not to what paper we are indebted
for the following touching extract.

My heart has frequently been pained
at Southern sights. While in college, I
visited my friends at the South, and spent
a winter with them. On one sunny day
in December I took a ride with my moth-
er, and as we drew near a little creek
which had been familiar to me in my
youth, we met a family moving from one
of the older to one of the newer slave
States. The appearance of one of the
group affected me sensibly. He was an
aged African, evidently beyond his four-
score years—venerable in appearance—
with a head like wool—with feeble and
tottering steps, and clothed in the habi-
timents of beggary. We involuntarily
excited our respect—the feebleness of his
gait, and other indications of misery, our
pity. It was almost impossible to conceal
the emotions that swelled in my bosom.
I shall never forget the feelings excited
at the time—my heart almost smote me
that I was a man. My mind involuntari-
ly ran over this venerable patriarch's
long life of unrequited toil, till he stood
before me bending under the weight of
years, and of labor, unrecompensed. And
what was his reward in his old age, for
a long life of toil and privation? To be
treated with that soothing respect and
tender kindness, which we are falsely
told is not uncommon at the South? No!
when just trembling over the brink of the
grave, he is forced by one whose grand-
father perhaps he nursed, to leave the
spot where he had spent scores of years,
and break up the associations of a long
life. And for what? That he might tot-
ter on for hundreds of miles to die a
slave in a region unknown to him and to
his fathers. I followed him with my eyes
till his feeble steps had borne him out of
sight. And often has his image with the
painful associations connected with it,
occurred to my imagination, to deepen
my abhorrence of that system, which
compels its miserable victims to toil on,
weak and weary, feeble and faint, till
they drop in the grave.

The following is related as a dialogue
between a drunkard and his wife; it is in
perfect accordance with the unreasona-
bleness of drunkards in general.
"I say, Molly, what have you got for
dinner?"
"I told you this morning we had nothing
in the house."
"O, well, let me take the baby, and
you pick up something."
"So you told me this morning, but
there's nothing to pick up."
"O, pick up some codfish and potatoes,
Molly, pick up something."
"But Mr. Lindsey, there's nothing in
the house."
"Nothing at all?"
"No meal, nor bread, nor butter, nor
potatoes, nor a mouthful of anything that
can be eaten."
"Well, well, Molly, I say pick up a
little something or other, and let us have
some dinner, for I'm in a hurry."

A Terrible Picture.
The eloquent HARRIS, in a sermon
before the London City Missionary Society,
describes the evils of London in the
following language:
"Where are the colors dark enough
and the imagination sufficiently daring to
portray the guilty reality? There must
be seen groups of demons in human
shape, teaching crime professedly, and
encouraging their first step toward
destruction. There must be trains of
wretched females, leading thousands of
guilty victims in chains, and leading them
through a fearful array of all the spectres of
disease, remorse, and misery, ready to dart
on them. There must be theatres, with a
numerous priesthood pandering to im-
purity, and offering up youth of both
sexes at the shrine of sensuality. There
must be splendid porticos, the entrance
to which must be inscribed, *Hells*, and
on the breast of each of those entering,
must be written in letters of fire, *Hell*.
There must be a busy Sunday press,
worked by the great enemy himself in
the guise of an angel of light, despatch-
ing myriads of winged messengers in all
directions, on errands of evil. There
must be infidel demagogues 'mouthing

the heavens,' and gaping crowds admiring
the skill that blinds them from de-
struction. There must be gorgeous
palaces, in which death and disease shall
appear holding their court—in which
busy hands shall be seen distributing
liquor to crowds of woe and squalid
forms—and each of those palaces must be
shown standing in the midst of a jail,
a poorhouse, a lunatic asylum, and a cem-
etery, all crowded—and all leaning over
the mouth of the bottomless pit. And
over the whole must be cast a spell, an
all-encompassing network of satanic in-
fluence, prepared, and held down, and
guarded by satanic agency. And to
complete the picture, three hundred
thousand Christians passing by without
scarcely lifting a hand to remove it."

Afraid of the Bible.

We see nothing in modern German
theological literature more to be deplored
than the unwillingness which, to a
greater or less degree, even its most
pious cultivators display to bring all their
opinions and controversies to the simple
test of scriptural authority. A taint of
rationalism adheres, almost unconsciously,
to them, even in their most anxious
efforts against this ruinous system. We
know of none so free of this as Tholuck,
Neander and Hengstenberg, especially
the latter, of whose 'English mind' and
'rough occidental materialism' his
countrymen sometimes complain; but
even they might be better in some re-
spects than they are. Of that men
their vast and well stored minds were
thoroughly possessed of the idea that
one clear intuition of the Divine Spirit
is, to the true believer, of more constrain-
ing energy than all the reasonings which
the deepest thinker ever drew out of an
abstract conception! Then might we
hope that "the word of the Lord would
grow mightily and prevail" in that inter-
esting country for whose spiritual regen-
eration they have been already honored
to do so much.—London Eclectic.

Ingratitude.

Ingratitude—If Heaven allow
One dark and damning crime—whose hue
Even mercy's pure and pitying dew
Weeps vainly on—that crime art thou!
O! how the opening flood of truth
Shrinks wither'd by the joy blackening
How bows the yonow bark of youth
A wreck upon life's waters cast—
Thou't like the wretch an infant's wiles
Woo to its innocent cares,
And while the babe upon his smiles,
With lisping words of tenderness—
Ay! while its lips to his are prest,
Plunges his dagger in his breast,
With guilt that Heaven will not efface—
By man abhorred—by God accurst,
Hell's first creation, and its worst!
Dublin University Magazine.

Advertisements.

"Missionary Jubilee!"
Facts for the people—help to circulate them!
AN eminent writer has well said, "No man
thoroughly with the missionary spirit, must ac-
quaint himself intimately with the missionary enterprise."
The spirit of the Jubilee, which is now being
increasingly felt in England, and which
will hold in this country, is a most interest-
ing and valuable work, and one which every
person who is interested in the cause of
Christianity should possess. It is a work
which will give a full and complete view
of the progress of the missionary cause in
all parts of the world, and will give a full
and complete view of the progress of the
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